LEO BURNETT COMPANY, *Inc.*

Ad No. 261—Req. No. 99-22—2-3 page—B&W—4½ x 10 in.—{Scholastic, May 1 / The Pointer, May 1 / The Log, April 24,}—1961 (A)

Column Number 14

"THE INTELLIGENCE QUOTIENT OF NED FUTTY"

Chloe McFeeters was a beautiful coed who majored in psychology and worked in the I.Q. testing department of the University. She worked there because she loved and admired intelligence above all things. "I love and admire intelligence above all things" is the way she put it.

Ned Futty, on the other hand, was a man who could take intelligence or leave it alone. What he loved and admired above all things was girls. "What I love and admire above all things is girls" is the way he put it.

One day Ned saw Chloe on campus and was instantly smitten. "Excuse me, miss," he said, tugging at his forelock. "Will you marry me?"

She looked at his duck-tail haircut, his black-rimmed glasses, his two-day beard, his grimy T-shirt, his tattered jeans, his decomposing tennis shoes. "You are not unattractive," she admitted, "but for me beauty is not enough. Intelligence is what I'm looking for. Come to the I.Q. testing department with me."

"Of course, my tiger," cried Ned and giggled and smote his thigh and bit Chloe's nape and scampered goatlike after her to the I.Q. testing department.

"First, I will test your vocabulary," said Chloe.

"Be my guest," laughed Ned and licked her palm.

"What does *juxtaposition* mean?"

"Beats me," he confessed cheerfully and nibbled her knuckles.

"How about *ineffable*?"

"Never heard of it," guffawed Ned, plunging his face into her clavicle.

"*Furtive*?"

"With fur on?" said Ned doubtfully.

"Oh, Ned Futty," said Chloe, "you are dumb. Consequently I cannot be your girl because I love and admire intelligence above all things."

He flung himself on the floor and clasped her ankles. "But I love you," he cried in anguish. "Do not send me from you or you will make the world a sunless place, full of dim and fearful shapes."

"Go," she said coldly.

Lorn and mute, he made his painful way to the door. There he stopped and lit a cigarette. Then he opened the door and started away to his gray and grisly future.

"Stay!" called Chloe.

He turned.

"Was that," she asked, "a Marlboro you just lit?"

"Yes," he said.

"Then come to me and be my love," cried Chloe joyously. "You are not dumb. You are *smart!* Anybody is smart to smoke Marlboro, the filter cigarette with the unfiltered taste which comes to you in soft pack or flip-top box at prices all can afford at tobacco counters, drug-stores, groceries, restaurants and trampoline courts all over America. Ned, lover, give me a Marlboro and marry me."

And they smoked happily ever after.

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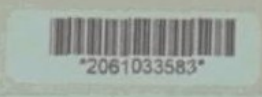
And if your taste runs to unfiltered cigarettes, you're smart to try Philip Morris—from the makers of Marlboro. We especially recommend Philip Morris's new king-size Commander—long, mild, and leisurely. Have a Commander—welcome aboard!



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